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PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

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The Castle de Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

(CONTINUED.)

BAROME was next called upon to gratify their suspence with the account of his adventures, and the reason of his sudden appearance at the Abbey. In compliance with their request he immediately began, addressing himself to his Lady.

"You may recollect, my dear Madeline, the fatal night, when, in defiance of your pathetic tears and entreaties, you was forced by the ruffians, and was conveyed with our little Raymond from our Castle. I had been at the chace, and returning, found our house in confusion, and a guard placed to seize my person. Upon my appearance, I was bound and gagged, and in this manner conveyed, on a kind of litter, with rapidity several miles. At length we stopped at the gates of Corfe Castle, where I understood that I was to remain, under a strong guard, until called to trial for high treason.

"Fortunately I had a large sum of money about me, which proved infinitely serviceable, and procured my enfranchisement much sooner than I myself expected. I found means to bribe my mercenary goaler, and procured liberty within a week after I was first taken into confinement. Knowing it unsafe to continue in England, I fled to our sister for concealment. What passed there has been already related. When I rushed out of the room, after that scene which almost delivered me up to the insatiate vengeance of Sir Arthur, I wandered, careless of my fate, for several hours in the woods skirting the Abbey, till my attention was recovered by voices near me. I discontinued my pace, and heard your name distinctly repeated. Determined to know the result of this, I again listened, and heard one, whose voice convinced me that it was Sir Authur: he said——

'Pedro,—you know that the many obligations you are under to me require some small return of gratitude: it is now in your power to serve me essentially, for which you need not fear being liberally rewarded. I think you have not hitherto found me very deficient in acknowledging your services.'

"Pedro assured him that he had no cause of complaint, and declared himself willing to do whatever he should require.

"You must know then," resumed De Warrenne, lowering his voice, "I have been grossly injured by Lady De Warrenne: she has found means to produce a will, which I have strong reason to believe forged, declaring herself sole heiress to the immense possession of my dear deceased brother, thereby depriving me of my right by inheritance; for though the title becomes extinct without a male descendent, the estates, personal and real, should be mine.—Nor is this all: far be it from me to court the fortune solely from mercenary motives, did I not find her unworthy to enjoy it. I have detected her in such criminal intrigues, and have such incontestible proofs that the child she has now given birth to, and for which she wishes to obtain the fortune, is base born, that I cannot endure to let her triumph in her iniquity. We must therefore find means to dispatch the child—you comprehend me; and, by close confinement, subdue the haughty spirit of the Countess. To your care I shall leave her in the Abbey; and the sooner she gets out of the way the better; and you shall be liberally rewarded."

"The man again renewed vows of his fidelity, and they parted. Petrified with horror, I stood some time incapable of moving from the spot where I was. Something however, must be done immediately to avert the impending danger. I walked continually about the Abbey in a disguise which I had procured; and from your kind physician learned daily the state of yourself and infant. He seemed interested in your welfare, and I found that I might trust him with our secret. I sent the note which you received, and clasped the lovely Matilda to my anxious heart, and instantly left Ireland. I had prepared every thing for our departure, and reached the cottage of your faithful Leonard in safety. He received it with transport, and promised to protect it. Elated with my success, I from that time led a wandering life from one country to another; and had the satisfaction to hear my hard fate, while unknown, universally deplored.

"Nothing material happened till I had one day, the satisfaction to learn that the tyrant John was no more; and that Somerset, the regent, had granted a free pardon to all the outlawed Barons. Transported with joy, I hastened to Court, and, seeking Somerset, prostrated myself at his feet, entreated the restitution of my wife, and produced incontestible proofs of my right to the Barome estate. He graciously promised to reinstate me in my former honours, and immediately signed an order for your release, of which I was myself the bearer to the Castle of Sir Roger De Lacy, high-constable.

"Judge my anguish at learning your escape! But for the generous care of our young friend, I fear I should have committed some act of desperation. I also learnt that De Lacy had paid the debt of Nature. I rashly accused Valtimond of having concealed you. He protested his ignorance, and informed me of the circumstances you have already related; suppressing, with generous modesty, the active part he took in your escape. I then deter-

mined to seek you here, and laid before Somerset a petition for the release of Lady de Warrenne, and obtained it. De Lacy, insisting upon accompanying me hither, informed me of the disguises you had assumed. We traced you to the cottage of Shannon, tho' ignorant of the happiness that so nearly awaited us.

'I have now, as well as the peturbation of my spirits will allow, given you a faithful detail of what has befallen me since our unhappy separation."

Here De Barome concluded, and his Lady wept, as she reclined her head on his affectionate bosom. Nothing but the absence of their son Raymond could have cast a gloom upon their happiness, and they resolved to lose no time in claiming him, as well as the fortune so fraudulently detained from the Countess de Warrenne.

'Surely,' cried Barome, ironically, 'our adventures do not seem complete. Cannot you,' addressing De Lacy, 'finish them, by favouring us with your confessions. I have no doubt that they would more particularly interest some of the auditors than my dull history!"

The colour mounted to the cheeks of Valtimond as he cast an apprehensive glance on Matilda: her eyes were fixed on the ground, and her face wholly covered with a crimson scarcely a shade paler than that of his own. Lady De Warrenne perceived her embarassment, and laughingly changed the subject; saying, gaily——

"For the present wave that subject; this is not a time for confessions: at some future opportunity it may be more acceptable. It now grows late; let us retire.'

They then separated for the night, purposing to depart the next morning for Sir William's chateau.

CHAP. X.

Obscure and friendless, be the army sought,
Bent upon peril: in the range of Death
Resolv'd to hunt for fame; and with his sword,
To gain distinction. HOME.

SCARCELY had the wonder of the preceding events subsided, when another, of no less unexpected a nature, again involved the inhabitants of the Abbey in fresh difficulties.

As they were seated the next morning in cheerful conversation, a messenger arrived almost breathless with haste, and, without alighting, demanded Lady de Warrenne. De Lacy started up, and accompanied her to the gate, when the courier, bowing respectfully, put into her hands a sealed packet, and, clapping spurs to his horse, was out of sight in a moment. The adventure was so sudden, that the Countess was some minutes before she could examine the contents of her parcel. When recovered, she broke the seal, and to her astonished eyes were presented the following words—

Most injured and unfortunate Lady,

"Can you with unprejudiced mind peruse these lines, penned by the unconscious usurper of your rights:—it is that Raymond who has been the supposed lawful heir to the possessions of Sir Authur that now addresses you. I have learned to revere your virtues, and lament your sufferings. The man—(I was about to call him monster!—but he was my *benefactor*)—is no more: his lady too, ere you receive this, has breathed her last. From a faithful servant of their household I learnt your wrongs, and now make all the restitution in my power.

The secret of my birth at first overwhelmed me with painful ideas; but I hope to bear my disappointment as a man. I am as yet but very young: a large field of glory is open for my pursuit. To you I resign your long withheld rights, and hope, by a life of honour, to add a name I need not blush to acknowledge to that of

"RAYMOND."

Some other papers were also contained in the packet, which were a voluntary resigna- of the estates and the possession, with her husband's will, which had before been torn by Sir Authur from the Countess.

Her eyes were suffused with tears as she paused with admiration on the nobleness of soul in a youth of fourteen.—She handed the letter to Barome.——

—"Your son is, indeed, worthy of you."

Her voice failed, and she was obliged to leave the room to hide her grateful emotions. Lady Barome snatched the letter; and perusing it, gave way to the most extravagant grief.

"Alas!" she cried, "my charming boy is lost to us for ever, nor shall I behold him more!

Her husband tried to sooth her, by representing how much better it was, after being a short time separated from him, than to have found him an object unworthy of their love or care; concealing his deep grief in attending to restore the composure of his Lady.

Matilda's efforts were, as usual effectual in soothing her; and it was proposed by Valtimond, that himself and Barome should hasten with all possible dispatch to Warrenne Castle, and prevent, if in their power, the departure of Raymond.

Respect for the maternal anxiety of Lady Barome got the ascendency over their feminine apprehensions: it was unanimously agreed upon.

De Lacy, mean while, had not been idle: he succeeded in impressing the mind of the Countess in his favour: and obtained from Matilda a blushing promise to unite her fate with his, if it met the approbation of her mother on their return to England. He then took a tender farewell, and departed elated with the prospect of bringing their affairs to a happy conclusion. And while the deserted females turned disconsolate from the windows, where they stood to take a last view of their departing friends, and breathed a fervant prayer for their success. De Barome and Valtimond pursued their journey without any very sanguine expectation, and found the Castle De Warrenne in the care of Jaques, who could give no account of the young hero, and sincerely lamented that he had been the cause (by his knowledge of the family secret) of driving Raymond from the Castle.

While Barome went to London to take possession of his recovered estates, De Lacy repaired with the mortifying intelligence to to his fair friends in Ireland. Hope, however, did not wholly desert the mind of Lady Barome; and she flattered herself, that when she had regained her habitation in England, some means might be thought on to recover their lost son. Not willing to damp by her own sadness the pleasure which her companions experienced upon the accomplishment of all their wishes, she therefore struggled with the dejection of her spirits, and made the necessary preparations for her departure with alacrity, while De Lacy was unremitting in his zeal for their accommodation.

"Ah!" exclaimed Matilda to Lady Barome, as Valtimond handed her into the carriage provided for their journey, "how different is our manner of quitting this gloomy Castle, from that in which we first entered it, unknowing and unknown! As indigent wanderers did we, almost sinking with fatigue, pass its inhospitable gates:—while, now, happiness and brilliant prospects are opening on every side!——Who shall dare mistrust the secret-working hand of Providence? which, while apparently overwhelming us with misery, is, in fact, always leading us to greater felicity?"

De Lacy pressed the hand he held with rapture to his heart, and the Countess cast a glance of approbation on her daughter, for having thus expressed the piety of her thoughts.

Their journey was performed with rapidity; and though the voyage was far from

tedious, they even thought it an age, ere they were joined by Sir William. The sensations of Matilda can scarcely be done justice to by imagination, at once more becoming an inmate of Warenne Castle,—that spot which she had quitted as a domestic, and of whose extensive domains, she now returned sole heiress!—Nor was her joy diminished, after an absence of seven years, again to behold the honest friend of her youth, the venerable Jaques. The friendly familiarity of his former behaviour was now changed into an affectionate respect; and a tear of emotion fell upon the hand that Matilda with smiling sweetness extended to him.

"Ah! my Lady," said he, encouraged by her kindness, "strange things come to pass within little time!——Who'd have thought to see you again in this manner?—But, pardon my boldness, I always said that you was too noble-minded to be only a servant."

Matilda smiled: it was not the smile of vanity; but one she could not suppress at his well-meaning simplicity.

"My good Jaques," she replied, "merit does not always appertain to high birth. We have all, unfortunately, experienced the fallacy of such ideas; and your own example proves, that the purest virtues are sometimes hid beneath an humble garb. But I should be glad, if, when you have time to recollect the events that have taken place since mydeparture, you will relate them to me. I have many questions to ask."

The eyes of Jaques glistened with pleasure; and Matilda rejoined the party in the parlour, where she had passed many pleasant hours in attending upon Lady De Warenne with Raymond.

Jaques neglected not to avail himself of the permission given by Matilda, respecting the state of the affairs at the Castle during her absence. He began by recapitulating his own concern at her departure: he then continued—

"No sooner did my master miss you than he flew with the utmost rage to his Lady's apartment, and upbraided her with having contrived your escape, and, in the violence of his passion, discovered what you had taken such care to conceal. The dear Lady returned him not an angry or unpleasant word; but many times have I caught her crying most piteously, when she thought no one could see her.—Our little master Raymond, who grew apace, and was a most beautiful boy, would often repeat your name with an earnestness that made me almost cry. Well, my Lady, things went on so some time—when, as I was attending my master a hunting one day, his horse having thrown him, he was bruised so desperately, that it was impossible for us to remove him home, and he had but just time to confess his sins before he died. He desired me to open the news as carefully as possible to his amiable Lady, whom, he declared, he had used very ill. Then he told me all about your mother Madam, being shut up in the Castle, and desired I would see that Raymond was taken care of; but which he need not have done, for we all adored him;—he was so kind, and so dutiful to my poor Lady, who did not live a week after Sir Authur, for she was then in a deep consumption.

"My heart yearned for poor master Raymond; but he seemed more affected with the loss of my master and mistress than that of his fortune; for no sooner were they buried, than he sent a servant off with a packet of papers: after which, calling us together, he said—As it was proved that he had no right to the estate, he would make a formal resignation in our presence; that he had written to the Lady who was the rightful owner, whom he expected soon at the Castle, and from whom they would either receive their discharge, or be retained in her service; that for himself, he was going to travel, and should probably be absent some years.

"He then rewarded every one liberally; then taking, before us, a small sum of money and one of his horses, which he mounted, and delivering to me all the keys, he desired me to serve my new mistress as faithfully as I had my former one——and, to remember him! He rode away without any attendant.

"Ah! Madam," sobbed Jaques, "had you seen with what a graceful and condescending look he bade us a separate adieu, it would have made your heart bleed. I am sure the Countess would not have been angry if he had stayed—and so I told him, but he said, No, no, my good Jaques, I have too long been a burthen upon the compassion of strangers, and have remained at home in inglorious ease, while my country stood in need of my services.

"Oh!—he was a charming young man: whoever saw him could not but love him."

The simple eloquence of Jaques strongly called forth the effusions of sensibility from Matilda, and she determined not to repeat what had passed to Lady Barome, lest she should increase that corroding sorrow which the happiness of all around contributed to dispel.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

From the Female Mentor.

MAXIMS OF FENELON,

ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

(CONCLUDED.)

"BEGIN to teach children history, by relating little tales of interesting and noble actions, which will engage their attention, enlarge their ideas, and give them a taste for virtue: this method will lead them as they grow older, to wish to acquire general knowledge, and will render them pleasing companions.

"But endeavour to guard against presumption and self-conceit; always praise them more, when they doubt or ask for information, than when they seem certain of their knowledge: this is the best means of infusing into them gently a proper modesty of opinion, and of discouraging an argumentative manner, which is extremely disgusting in young females.

"Let not girls mistake vivacity of imagination, and facility of speaking for wit; they will otherwise interfere upon all occasions, and talk and decide upon subjects the least suited to their capacity. Tell them, that quickness of repartee, and a readiness of expressing themselves with ease and grace, are not essential talents, because they are frequently possessed by women who are deficient in solidity of understanding; but imprint strongly on their minds, that a discreet and regular conduct, and a knowledge when to be silent, and when to deliver their sentiments with propriety, are essential qualifications which command respect, and conciliate esteem.

"Parents frequently encourage girls in softness and timidity, bordering on weakness, which renders them incapable of being firm and uniform characters. They are perhaps naturally fearful, and they affect to be still more so, and thus custom confirms this failing: if you shew contempt for these fears and affectations, it will be the most effectual way to correct them.

"As an extreme love of refinement is too apt to influence the sex, represent to a young lady the utility of an accommodating disposition. Since we must frequently associate with persons who are not very refined, and enter into occupations not suitable to our tatses, reason, which is true good sense, points out fastidiousness as a weakness of character. A mind that understands true politeness, and knows how to descend to ordinary occupations, is infinitely superior to those excessively delicate

minds, that are overcome with disgust upon every occasion.

"Endeavour to persuade young ladies not to imagine that great beauty is the most desirable gift. A beauty idolizes her own person more than the most passionate lover. Inform them that beauty deceives the person who possesses it, much more than those who are its admirers; and lead them to reflect, that a very few years will rob them of all their charms.—A sentiment, Amanda added, which is elegantly expressed in the following lines, by an anonymous author:

Lo! beauty, still more transitory
Fades in the mid-day of its glory!
For nature in her kindness swore
That she who kills shall kill no more;
And in pure mercy doth erase,
Each killing feature in the face:
Dims the bright lustre of those eyes,
To which the gods would sacrifice;
Dries the moist lip, and pales it hue,
And brushes off its honied dew;
Plucks from the cheek the damask rose,
E'en at the moment that it blows;
And all the loves that on it play'd,
Are in a tomb of wrinkles laid.

"Beauty without merit is very little serviceable to a girl: she can only expect to draw in a young coxcomb to marry her, with whom she must be wretched. But when modesty and virtue are joined with beauty, the possessor of these qualifications may aspire to an union with a man of real merit.

"As there are no regulations for dress, equipages, or way of living, there are in effect none for the general situations in life. Most women are disposed to love an ostentatious display, and are fond of leading the fashions: this vain ambition frequently ruins families, and the ruin of families must draw on the corruption of morals. On one side, this parade excites in persons of a low condition, the desire of appearing above their situation, which leads them to commit dishonest actions; on the other hand, it induces persons of quality, who find themselves without resources, to be guilty of mean and scandalous actions to support their expences; by these means are extinguished good faith, probity, and ingenuousness, even among the nearest relations. Endeavour, therefore, to convince young ladies, how much more estimable that honour is, which is derived from a right conduct, and cultivated understanding, than from any ostentatious display.

"Endeavour to give a young woman a proper sense of the part she is to act, if she marries. She is to have the care of educating her children: of the boys to a certain age, of the girls till they marry. She ought to have a quick discernment to find out the natural genius and disposition of each child, to conduct herself properly towards them, to discover their inclinations, talents and tempers; to persuade them by good advice, and to correct their errors. She should carefully acquire and preserve her authority, without losing their love and confidence.

"A mother of a family should have a proper sense of religion, to be able to instil good principles into her children.

"Many women too much neglect economy, particularly those in higher stations of life, accustomed to affluence and indolence, they disclaim this virtue, as involving them in unworthy occupations. Teach young ladies, that a mistress of a family should accustom herself to keep an account of her expenses, to know the value of the necessaries of life as well as the articles of dress, that she may prevent waste and imposition. But though she should avoid prodigality, let her not run into the opposite extreme. Avarice gains little, and greatly dishonours those who are under its influence. A reasonable woman only practises frugality to avoid the shame and injustice attending an expensive and ruinous conduct; she retrenches superfluous expenses, that she may have it in her power the more liberally to perform acts of friendship, benevolence, and charity."

PEEVISHNESS

EQUALLY WRETCHED AND OFFENSIVE.

MEN are seldom able to give pleasure, where they are not pleased themselves; it is necessary, therefore, to cultivate an habitual alacrity, and cheerfulness of mind; for mankind are chiefly influenced by their affections: and in whatever state we may be placed by Providence, whether we are appointed to confer or receive benefits, to implore or afford protection, we can prosecute our purposes with success, only by securing the love of those with whom we transact: for though it is generally imagined that he who grants favours may spare any farther attention to his behaviour, and that usefulness will procure friends, yet it has been found that there is an art of granting requests, an art very difficult of attainment; and that officiousness and liberality may be so adulterated, as to lose the greater part of their effect; compliance may provoke, relief may harrass, and liberality distress.

No disease of the mind can more fatally disable it from that intercourse of benevolence, which is one of the chief duties of social beings, than ill-humour or peevishness; for though it breaks not out in paroxysms of outrage, nor bursts into clamor, and turbulence, and blood-shed, it yet supplies the deficiency of violence by its frequency, and wears out happiness by slow corrosion, and small injuries incessantly repeated. It may be considered as the canker of life, that destroys its vigour, and checks its improvement, that creeps on with hourly depredations, and taints and vitiates what it cannot consume.

Peevishness, when it has been so far indulged as to outrun the motions of the will, and discover itself without premeditation, is a species of depravity in the highest degree disgusting and offensive; because no caution or regularity, no rectitude of intention, nor softness of address, can ensure a moment's exemption from affront and indignity. While we are courting the favour of a peevish man, while we are making the warmest offers of service, or exerting ourselves in the most diligent civility, an unlucky syllable displeases, an unheeded circumstance ruffles and exasperates: and in the moment when we congratulate ourselves upon having gained a friend, we have the mortification of finding all our endeavours frustrated, and all our assiduity forgotten in the casual tumult of some trifling irritation.

This troublesome impatience is sometimes nothing more than the symptom of some deeper malady. He that is angry without daring to confess his resentment, or sorrowful without the liberty of telling his grief, is too frequently inclined to give vent to the fermentations of his mind at the first passages that are opened, and to let his passions boil over upon those whom accident throws in his way. A painful and tedious course of sickness frequently produces such a quick sensibility, such an alarming apprehension of any encrease of uneasiness, as keeps the soul perpetually on the watch, to prevent or repel any thing from which inconvenience is felt or feared, such a restless and incessant solicitude, as no care, no tenderness, can appease, and can only be pacified by the cure of the distemper, and the removal of that pain by which it is excited.

Nearly approaching to this weakness, is the captiousness of old age: when the strength is crushed, the senses dulled, and the common pleasures of life become insipid by repitition, we are willing to impute the uneasiness of our condition to causes

not wholly out of our power, and please ourselves with fancying that we suffer by neglect, or unkindness, or want of skill, or any evil which admits a remedy, rather than by the decays of nature, which cannot be prevented, delayed, or repaired. We therefore revenge our pains upon those on whom we resolve to charge them; and too often drive mankind away at the time we have the greatest need of kindness and assistance.

But though peevishness may sometimes claim our compassion, as the consequence or concomitant of misery, it is very often found where nothing can justify or excuse its admission. It is often one of the attendants on prosperity, employed by insolence in exacting homage, and by tyranny in harrassing subjection. It is frequently the offspring of idleness and pride; of idleness, anxious for trifles; and pride, unwilling to endure the least obstruction of her wishes. Those who have long lived in solitude, indeed, naturally contract this unsocial quality; because, having long had only themselves to please, they do not readily depart from their own inclinations: their singularities, therefore, are only blameable when they have imprudently or morosely withdrawn themselves from the world. But there are others, who have, without any necessity, nursed up this habit in their minds, by making implicit submissiveness the condition of their favour, and suffering none to approach them but those who watch their eyes, and observe their nods; who never speak but to applaud, or move but to obey.

He that gives himself up to his own fancy, and converses with none but such as he hires to lull him in the down of absolute authority, to sooth him with obsequiousnesss, and regale him with flattery, soon grows too slothful for the labour of contest, too tender for the asperity of contradiction, and too delicate for the coarseness of truth. A little opposition offends, a little restraint enrages, and a little difficulty perplexes him; for a man who has been accustomed to see every thing give way to his humour and his choice, soon forgets his own littleness, and expects to find the world rolling at his back, and all mankind employed to accommodate and delight him.

On a Couple who were Divorced, and afterwards Re-married.

DIVORC'D like scissars rent in twain
Each mourn'd the *rivet out;*
Now *whet* and *rivetted* again,
You'll make the *old shears cut.*

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

POPULAR PREJUDICE.

IT is ludicrous to listen to the violent invectives, anathemas, and philippics, which are so profusely poured forth against our physicians, from even the "shrivell'd lips of toothless, bald decripitude." Their mode of practice, during the late epidemic is reviled and condemned on all hands. The popular gale is up,—and, I observe, the most illiterate, and in every respect, the most ignorant of the citizens are the loudest in their condemnation. I should be happy if those *sapient censors*, would give themselves a few minutes to reflect upon the following natural queries:—

Are not the professors of physic, in Philadelphia, in general, men of talents and information?

Are they not men of unsullied probity?

Is their knowledge of the science of medicine at all problematical?

Can they have any possible interest in persisting in a mode of practice, destructive to the patient?

And is it not probable after having devoted many years to the theory and practice of physic, and in investigating the nature and properties of the human system, and the progress of disease, that they may possibly understand the yellow fever, nearly, if not altogether, as well as yourselves?

The use of mercury in that dreadful disease, is, I believe, adopted by every intelligent practitioner in Philadelphia, all that old women, and weak men say against it, to the contrary, notwithstanding.

SENEX.

☞ N. B. I dare say there are at least ten thousand "self-created" and self-sufficient doctors and doctresses in Philadelphia.

"Prodigious! how the things *prescribe—prescribe!*" *O delectable city!*

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

Specimens of the ignorance and blunders of English Geographers, Tourists, &c. &c. with respect to America.

THE Rev. R. Turner, who has published a book called Classical Geography, gives the following account of the cities of Philadelphia and New-York. "Philadelphia (says he) is the finest and *best situated* city in America, containing *thirty thousand* houses, and one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, who are mostly quakers,"!!!—"New-York contains three thousand houses and twelve thousand inhabitants."

Another book intitled, Guthrie's improved Geography, after setting forth in the Preface that their (the Editors) relation of America, will be found both satisfactory and complete, as they have not only carefully examined the works of the celebrated Morse, but likewise applied to several other authentic sources which have enabled them to give the best information in the most satisfactory manner," states that "the city of New-York contains five thousand inhabitants, chiefly of Dutch extraction." Here is pretty strong evidence of the diligence of these London book-makers as to applying to the most authentic sources of information, as they profess to have done. An imposition of this kind in any American publication, would afford a fine opportunity for an English Reviewer to rail against our national honesty.

The very last edition of Guthrie's original work, describing the river Hudson, states that this river is navigable to Albany, which is "*six hundred miles from New-York.*"

An English Tourist, whose name is not just now recollected, has published a volume of his travels through the United States, in which he speaks particularly of the orderly manner in which the Elections are conducted in the city of New-York. "On the appointed day, says he, all the citizens take care to be at home at a certain hour, at which time the inspectors of the Election go through the city with ballot boxes in their hands, and call at every door for votes, whereupon the citizens step to their doors and deposit their ballots in these same little boxes, which are straitway carried to to the City-Hall; the votes are there examined, and thus the election is determined in a few hours, without uproar or inconvenience."!!!

An English editor of a work called, the *German Museum*, in his translations of some memories of Major Andre, records, that this officer was taken and hanged, "*at the west point of America.*"

A London paper sometime ago made mention of certain improvements which were taking place in New-York, with a view to promote the health of the city, and observed that our corporation were erecting a range of permanent wharves on one side of the city, which were to extend from Corlears-Hook to the Battery, *along the Delaware river!*

Some notice shall be taken hereafter of the misrepresentations and falsehoods of Langcourt, Weld, Bulow, and a number of others, relative to the United States.

AN AMERICAN.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

From the CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

KABUL, says the Zendavesta, was born on the rushy banks of the river Macora; his possessions were great, and his luxury kept pace with the affluence of his fortune: he hated the harmless Bramins, and despised their holy religion; every day his table was decked out with the flesh of a hundred different animals, and his cooks had a hundred different ways of dressing it, to solicit even satiety.

Notwithstanding all his eating, he did not arrive at old age; he died of a surfeit, caused by intemperance; upon this, his soul was carried off, in order to take its trial before a select assembly of the souls of those animals which his gluttony had caused to be slain, and who were now appointed his judges.

He trembled before a tribunal, to every member of which he had formerly acted as an unmerciful tyrant; he sought for pity, but found none disposed to grant it. Does he not remember, cries the angry boar, to what agonies I was put, not to satisfy his hunger, but his vanity? I was first hunted to death, and my flesh scarce thought worthy of coming once to his table. Were my advice followed, he should do penance in the shape of a hog, which in life he most resembled.

I am rather, cries a sheep upon the bench, for having him suffer under the appearance of a lamb; we may then send him through four or five transmigrations in the space of a month. Were my voice of any weight in the assembly, cries a calf, he should rather assume such a form as mine: I was bled every day in order to make my flesh white, and at last killed without mercy. Would it not be wiser, cries a hen, to cram him into the shape of a fowl, and then smother him in his own blood, as I was served? The majority of the assembly were pleased with this punishment, and were going to condemn him without further delay, when the ox rose up to give his opinion. I am informed, says this counsellor, that the prisoner at the bar has left a wife with child behind him. By my knowledge in divination, I foresee that this child will be a son, decrepid, feeble, sickly, a plague to himself and all around him. What say you then, my companions, if we condemn the father to animate the body of his own son; and by this means make him feel in himself those miseries his intemperance must otherwise have entailed upon his postertiy? The whole court applauded the ingenuity of his torture; they thanked him for his advice. Kabul was driven once more to revisit the earth, and his soul, in the body of his own son, passed a period of thirty years, loaded with misery, anxiety, and disease.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Literary.

A Volume of Poems has lately appeared, written by Mitchell Sewell, Esq. of N. H. possessing just claims to public applause. Indeed the excellence of these poems is not questionable. The author discovers taste, ingenuity, a fine imagination, and is, in my opinion, singularly judicious in the choice of his subjects. Yet these poems are strangely neglected, and almost unnoticed. It would seem that every American work must cross the Atlantic, and receive the approbation of British Reviewers ere we can appreciate its value. Before this ordeal has passed, no American production has been noticed *in America*, at least, no one with which I am acquainted. This may be thought a severe national reflection. It is. Yet is it not just? Mrs. Morton, our countrywoman, was little known until English Reviewers celebrated her elegant poem, called, *Ouabi, or the Virtues of Nature.* This is a fact, and it is a shameful one. Are we incapable of estimating talents?

Whatever may be the cause of such chilling neglect of our own writers, its operation upon literature is baneful in the extreme; since without the fostering applause of the public, science will languish and die. Politics appear to engross every thought and care.

[*These Poems so deservedly noticed by our literary correspondent, have already obtained considerable celebrity to the eastward, tho' only published last year. As a specimen of the author's poetical talents, and* ingenuity, *we present our readers with the following sketches, or, as he chuses to term them,* "PROFILES *of eminent men, &c.*" *which "were produced while the author was confined by sickness, labouring under the worst of maladies, nervous affections. As his own physician he prescribed the task, to divert his attention from himself. And to overcome indolence he contrived to render it difficult, and even, servile, by confining himself to the* letters *of the respective* names, *while at the same time he wished to preserve the* spirit *and* likeness *of the original* characters. *How far he has been successful, others must judge. But the prescription succeeded with himself. It alleviated his pain, and diverted his melancholy. And tho' painters are not always the best judges of their own performances, he flatters himself that in some instances a likeness will be discovered by others between the picture and the original."*]

BACON.

BLEST sun! whose beams light, knowledge, truth, dispense,
All INTUITION and INTELLIGENCE!
Chain'd down in Gothic darkness, science lay
Oppress'd and smother'd! at thy piercing ray,
Night fled—and all was INTELLECTUAL DAY!

LOCKE.

Let sage anatomists, with skill refin'd
Our bod es ransack—LOCKE dissects the MIND!
Clears the dark films that cloud our mental view,
Keeps stedfast to his system, proves it true,
Explodes OLD doctrines, and demonstrates NEW.

NEWTON.

Nature to thy keen glance stood all unveil'd,
Each maze unravell'd, and each law reveal'd.
Wond'rous that mind, whose piercing ken survey'd
The plan by which the universe was made;
Open'd creation's book, and read aloud
NATURE, in ev'ry page, and Nature's GOD!

HOMER.

High as the heav'ns, sublimely tow'rs thy muse,
O'er earth expatiates, and all nature views!
Men, heroes, monarchs, gods, thy spirit warms,
Earth shakes! seas roar! heav'n trembles! nature arms!
Revere thy awful nod, and thunder with alarms!

VIRGIL.

Verse sweet as thine, Apollo's self might own,
In majesty sublime 'tis *thine* alone.
Rous'd TURNUS lives again! fair DIDO mourns!
GREECE triumphs! PRIAM bleeds! and ILION burns!
In war the LATIANS plunge! I fight, fly, yield,
Lost in the battle's roar, and tumults of the field!

PINDAR.

Proud of his swans, see PINDAR from afar
In pomp terrific drive his blazing car!
Neptune and Jove his rapid course survey:
Dauntless thro' rival throngs he wings his way.
All eager for the prize, still presses on,
Reaches the distant goal, and gains th' immortal crown.

HORACE.

Hail happy bard! replete with sterling sense,
O'erflowing wit, and graceful negligence!
Rever'd thy precepts, by experience prov'd,
AUGUSTUS own'd them, and Mecœnas lov'd.
Courtly thine odes; thy wit so pure, so chaste,
Each critic may extol, but few can taste.

These "PROFILES" will be continued.

PHILADELPHIA,
NOVEMBER 6, 1802.

THE observations of SENEX, in the 5th page of this day's Repository, on the indiscriminate reflections cast upon the physicians of Philadelphia, claim general attention. It is too often the case, that men of any profession become the objects of abuse when they fail to answer the expectations of the public, however unreasonable those expectations may be. But surely charity requires us to believe, that the physicians of Philadelphia have exerted the utmost of their skill in their mode of treating the yellow fever. It ought to be considered, that in attending patients in this disorder, they act not only as professional men, but are engaged in the interests of humanity, and adventure their own lives, while they face the king of terrors in one of his most dreadful forms.

AN ungenerous spirit of exaggeration, with respect to the health of the city of Philadelphia, has in several instances been evidenced by the editors of newspapers in distant parts of the United States, during the late calamity. A South Carolina paper some time in the month of August, stated the number of new cases of fever in 24 hours to be *nineteen*, when at that time they had never exceeded *seven*. A Kentucky paper of the 20th ult. asserts, that the number of deaths on the 30th of September, were *twenty-four*, when it is well known they amounted to no more than *eleven*. It is not possible that such blunders can arise from ignorance, as these editors possess the same means of information with those of other parts of the United States, and profess to give their statements on the authority of the Philadelphia papers.

On the first of this month the Board of Health resolved to grant Bills of Health as usual.

The Board of Health considers it no longer necessary to publish the lists of Interments.

An Official Return of Deaths at New-York, for the week, ending the 30th ult.

Sudden death 1—consumption 13—whooping cough 1—dysentery 1—consumption and dropsy 1—decline 1—scarlet fever 1—dropsy 2—derangement 1—fits 3—lives 1—drowned 2—burned 1—childbed 2—measles 1—carbuncle 1—small pox 2—complaint of the lungs 1—cramp of the stomach 1—debility 1—sore leg 1—disease not mentioned 1 ——Adults 27, Children 16, not distinguished 8.—Total 51.

Number of Interments in the Burial Grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, from the 1st of October, to the 1st of November, ending each day at noon.

(Collected for the Board of Health.)

	Adults.	Child.	Total.
Oct. 1, to 29, inclusive,	196	66	262
——30,	7	4	11
——31, Nov. 1,	9	8	17
TOTALS,	212	78	290

RECAPITULATION.

	Adults.	*Child.*	*Totals.*
January,	142	75	217
February,	110	60	170
March,	100	47	147
April,	90	58	148
May,	82	59	141
June	96	67	163
July, *(no returns received)*			
August,	109	153	262
September,	178	106	284
October,	212	78	290*
Totals for 9 months,	1119	704	1822

* Including the interments for Nov. 1st.

WONDERFUL!

THERE is in the orchard of Col. John Armstrong, in Columbia, a peach-tree, on which there is fruit, nearly as big as a half-bushel, and would weigh, it is supposed, from 20 to 25 pounds!! [*Cincin. Pap.*

SPECIMENS OF NATIVE FRENCH PORCELAIN EARTHS.

THE Mineralogical Society of New-York has been furnished with three samples of those peculiar materials which are employed to make the flue porcelain of France. They were obtained at the manufactory of China-ware, at Sevre. No. 1. is a beautiful white substance, of such remarkable natural qualities, that the best ware can be formed of it without any addition or admixture. It is found in Limoson. No. 2. is a sort of a very fine and pure clay, fit for making any inferior kind of ware. No. 3, is a species of spar for glazing the porcelain. It is white, hard, and of a very fine grain, resembling, more than any thing, the nicest pieces of snowy quartz.

These specimens not only serve to gratify rational curiosity, but have a further use. By being preserved as standard samples, they will aid the judgment by deciding upon the qualities of any of the native earths of the United States, that may be offered for examination. [*Amer. Rev.*

MAGNIFICENCE OF THE KING OF NAPLES.

BY information from Italy, we learn, that the petition of Dr. Mitchell, to his majesty, the king of the two Sicilies, has been granted. The request was, that his majesty, Ferdinand IV. would grant the petitioner a copy of that suberb work on the antiquities of Herculaneum, and Pompeia, which has been published under the patronage of that sovereign, and at his expence. The petition having been forwarded to Palermo, before the king returned to Naples, was immediately complied with, and the book ordered to be forwarded to New-York. It is to the polite attention and influence of Messrs. Roiser and Roulet, merchants in this city, that this attempt to obtain a copy of that curious, valuable, work, for the benefit of the American literati, is indebted for its success. Through their friendship, and the bounty of his Sicilian majesty, we may soon expect that this rare and voluminous publication will arrive, and be added to our literary stock. [*Ibid.*

ENGLISH MAMMOTH.

IN February last, was found, eight feet eight inches under the surface of the ground, in a gravel pit, in the parish of Newtown, an Elephant's Tusk, measuring six feet six inches in length, and 13 inches round the lowest end: It is quite perfect, and retains its pristine natural colour. A few days after, at the distance of about 20 yards from the above spot and at the same depth, another tusk was found, measuring 9 feet 1 inch, and 15 inches round the largest end: this likewise is perfect, and retains its colour; and near it is a large bone, of the weight of 12 pounds, supposed to be the *os ilium* of an elephant. [*Month. Mag.*

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 28th ult. in the county of Newcastle, by the Rev. Mr. Wallace, Doct. *George Logan*, of S. Carolina, to Miss *Margaret White Poalk*, of Delaware.

——, On the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Linn, Mr. *Jacob Lippincott*, of Gloucester county, New-Jersey, to Miss *Jane Ann Sykes*, of Charleston, S. C.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 9th ult. after an illness of 6 days, Capt. *Richard Kirkbridge*, late master of the ship Swanwick: on the 26th died his mother, Mrs. *E. Kirkbridge*; and 3 days after, died Mrs. *Elizabeth Murry*, a sister to Capt. K.—Thus in less than 3 weeks was removed from this transitory world, a tender mother, and two dutiful and affectionate children.

——, Near Gray's Ferry, on the 22d ult. in the 67th year of her age, Mrs. *Catharine Fritz*, relict of the late Mr. John Fritz, of this city.

—— On the 26th ult. of the prevailing fever, in the 57th year of her age, *Hannah Jarkson*, wife of Caleb Jackson, of this city.

——, On the 27th ult. Mrs. *Lucy Yard*, wife of capt. Edward Yard, of this city; she fell a victim to the prevailing fever; she was a bride and a corps in the short space of five days!

——, In the 39th year of her age, Mrs. *Anne Smith*, wife of Mr. Newberry Smith, of this city.

——, On board the ship Sampson, on her passage from London to Boston, Mrs. *Susan Colburn*, daughter of Mr. J. Lorimer, of London, and the amiable consort of Mr. James C. Colburn, merchant of this place, who came passenger.

—— On the 29th ult. at his seat in the County of Philadelphia, *Samuel Howell, jun. esq.*

—— On the 30th ult. of the prevailing fever, Mrs. *Catharine Dacosta*, wife of Capt. Joseph Dacosta, of the Northern Liberties, in the 30th year of her age.

—— On the 23d ult. after a short illness, Miss *Hannah Simmons*, aged 32 years, daughter of Capt. Leson Simmons, of this city.

——, At Baltimore, on the 1st inst. after a severe illness of six days, in the 64th year of his age, *Edward Langworthy*, esq. deputy naval officer of that port.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HYMNS.

HYMN X.

COME Night in all thy sable hue,
Thy louring clouds, thy silence still,
See day's star sinking from our view,
His last beam trembles on the hill:
Come sweet meditation's friend,
Whilst the busy world's at rest,
Kindly thy assistance lend,
Banish folly from my breast:
My soul would rise to Him, who earth, sea, land,
Concealeth in the hollow of his hand.

Now, while the moon, with paler ray,
Tinges yon eastern hill with light,
And twinkling stars begin their way
To add new glories to the night,
Come my soul the day review,
Say, what goodness hast thou known?
Think what might have been thy due,
And humbly bend before the throne
Of God, who guides the circling spheres, and brings
Abundant good to all created things.

Ah moon! that cloud thy orb conceals,
The twinkling stars are seen no more;
The thunder rolls with deaf'ning peals,
The winds loud thro' the forest roar:—
Nature mourns her beauty lost,
Scowling discord mounts her car,
The surging waves beat 'gainst the coast,
And ruin's rage resounds afar;
When lo! thy voice, my God,—in earth, sea, sky,
No sound is heard, save zephyr's gentle sigh.

Great Source of being, life and joy,
Thus bless the world with heav'nly peace,
The pow'r of darksome sin destroy,
Bid fear depart and sorrow cease;
Then each grateful soul shall raise
With holy joy, the sacred song,
And Nature great, through all her ways
The sounding anthem still prolong,
Their silver harps th' angelic choirs shall bring,
And loud hosannas thro' heav'n's concave ring.

X. W. T.

THE OLD BACHELOR'S *DOLOROUS LAMENTATION.*

WITH fears and anxious cares oppress,
Bereft of comfort, and of rest,
Repining groaning, wailing, sighing,
And almost literally dying:
I come with supplicating phiz,
(Nay, think not, Sir, I mean to quiz)
For evidence: untimely care
Alas! has silvered o'er my hair,
A looking-glass distracts my heart,
And my own shadow makes me start!
A length'ned visage, wan and pale,
Like malefactors in a jail:
Nay, Falstaff's ghastly band, to me,
Were well-fed sons of jollity.
O did you know my rueful case,
And could you see my ugly face,
Compassion, Mr. Hogan, would,
With tender pity, warm your blood.
These huge unweildy ills, and more,
That I incessantly deplore,
Are all brought on me, all—because
I violated Nature's laws;
Liv'd through my prime a single life,
And never tried to get a wife.
Oh wretched state! *O timed soul!*
What seas of anguish through me roll!
I have endeavour'd much of late,
To get a loving gentle mate,
But all in vain—the girls despise,
My groans, my eloquence and sighs;
They "laugh consumedly" at me,
And grin at all my pleasantry.

Pray, Sir, direct me how I'll get,
A sweet delicious little pet,
To keep me warm, o' winter nights,
And chace away the ghosts and sprites....
So begs and prays with wishes fervent
Dear Sir, your very humble servant,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

THE BANISHED KITTEN.

A TALE.*

Addressed to Sensibility.

"*Dear Sensibility! source unexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows! Thou chainest thy martyr down upon his bed of straw, and it is thou who lifts him up to heaven. Eternal Fountain of our feelings, Thou givest a portion of it sometimes to the roughest peasant who traverses the bleakest mountains.—He finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock. This moment I behold him leaning with his head against his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it.—Oh! had I come one moment sooner!—it bleeds to death—his gentle heart bleeds with it.*

"*Peace to thee, generous swain! I see thou walkest off with anguish—but the joys shall balance it; for happy is thy cottage, and happy is the sharer of it, and happy are the lambs which sport about you.*"

WALKING and musing as I went along,
Contemplating the cheerful busy throng;
While pleasure sat depicted on each face,
And wrinkled care to placitude gave place.

Ease, happiness and joy, appear'd to reign,
And fancy, lightly tripp'd it in each train;
When lo! amidst this scene of general joy,
One wretched object did *my* bliss alloy.

(Will steel'd humanity laugh at the tale?
And obdurately boast its coat of mail?
Mine be the task, with human feelings blest,
To help, relieve, and pity the distrest.)

Cast in the street by some unfeeling hand,
A helpless fugitive did trembling stand;
Half cover'd o'er with kennel filth it stood,
And in distressful plight it plaintive mew'd.

I stood, and gaz'd with horror at the sight,
And nearer drew to sympathize its plight:
When lo! I found,—disgrace to human kind!
The Kitten almost starv'd, and beaten blind.

Thus groping in the street, the helpless wight,
Met kicks of accident, and kicks of spite;
Till pity prompted me to soothe its grief,
And strive, at least, to offer some relief.

I took the stranger home, prepar'd a bed,
On which to rest its aching limbs and head:
But lo! no sooner had it gain'd a friend,
Than death to all its suff'rings put an end.

Happy for him whose cruel savage breast,
Unpitying sees the innocent oppress,
If like this Cat's, *his* mis'ry too would end,
When death performs the office of a friend....

But no, says Truth, tho' few this truth regard,
"Hence every deed shall meet its just reward;"
If good or bad, a faithful record's made,
And sure as GOD is TRUTH, 'twill be repaid.

Where then, ye hosts of tyrants, will ye stand,
Who never knew, to stretch out mercy's hand?
You, that to others have no mercy shown,
Look to an angry God....and dread his frown!

DARCHIR LIVWEL.

* The reader is assured that this is not a Tale of fiction, but a matter of fact. The Kitten was picked up a few weeks ago in Chesnut-Street, near the Bank of North America, in the situation described.

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OCTOBER 30. 3t.

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